

A Tribute to Reach

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Summary: A team of Marines is cut off deep in the battlefields of planet Reach. These Marines are prepared to fight to the death, it seems like their only option. Then something unexpected happens and they have hope.

A Tribute to Reach

The beginning of hope

We were surrounded on all sides by the covenant. We had already given up all hope. We

stopped

firing back at the bastards just so we could put up a fight when they finally closed in. They just kept

firing on our position, their plasma weapons destroying everything around us, we just sat against the

thick concrete wall that protected us. We sat in the remains of an office buildings ground floor, with an

open sky above us. We didn't speak to each other much. There were six of us altogether, we were the

remains of delta 2-19, the first strike force called in when planet reach first received contact. We had

no idea the covenant were this large of a threat, in fact we barely knew they existed until a few days

ago. We were the only marines around this city still alive, Vispara was once a large city, bustling with

people and businesses. No one really had a fair warning of the

covenant forces. The UNSC had

evacuation ships, but only those that were near the evac sites got away, most made it to the outer

atmosphere and were blown away by covenant mother ships. No one was prepared for such a powerful

enemy, we thought we ruled the universe. The only enemies we really had were the insurrectionist

scum terrorists that refused to follow the law. The gunfire from those alien bastards was getting

extremely close as the sun began to set, we probably had a max of ten minutes before they overran our

position. We would put up a hell of a fight, but we knew we wouldn't last the night. Enemy fire

stopped completely now, they were getting ready to assault us within the next five minutes, that I was

sure of. My fellow marines looked into one another's eyes and we all shook our heads in agreement, we

were ready. As we began to stand up a voice on our comms told us to stay down, it was a female voice,

very rough, yet lined with a velvet tone. We all ducked down as the voice told us to. "I'm coming in

from your six o'clock, there are two others coming in from your four o'clock. They showed themselves

momentarily and we stared in fascination. They were Spartans, the invincible soldiers as we all heard.

Stories of them circulated quickly in the last few days. Just as fast as they appeared, we knew we now

had a chance, we now had hope. The female Spartan was wearing blue Armour and stood nearly six

feet tall. The other two appeared from the shadows, one also had blue Armour, the other had worn

black Armour and on his visor was a golden skull, they both stood over six feet tall. "We're going to

get

you boys out of here." the blue male Spartan said. The Spartan in black Armour didn't speak at all. The

male in blue Armour said something over his radio to what I guessed was another spartan, "Jorge, get

ready to lay suppressive fire, we will come in low from the right and left." The husky voice replied

with a simple "Roger" and that was all that was needed. The blue female Spartan told us to lay down

suppressing fire when we hear the signal, I asked her "what signal?" then a loud thundering roar filled

the air and a covenant elite screamed in foreign tongues and dropped to the ground, the sound was a

sniper rifle that came from no where. "that signal" the female Spartan said and disappeared off to our

left while the other two split off to the right. Then the sound of a heavy machine gun exploded from a

second story behind us. I peeked around the concrete wall and saw some of the aliens drop to the

ground as their purple blood lashed out around them. I lifted my assault rifle to the ready and started

firing at the nearest enemies that still stood, as did my fellow marines. There seemed to be over a

hundred of the bastards. Quickly their numbers dwindled down, then the three Spartans appeared from

their respected sides and now the enemy was surrounded. The Spartan I guessed was Jorge stopped

firing and the three Spartans charged the enemy quickly, simultaneously us marines did the same, we

charged them from what was now behind them because their attention was to the Spartans. A seven

foot tall Elite stood in front of me, unaware of my presence, I pulled out my knife and leaped onto its

back thrusting the knife deep into his thick neck. His purple blood spewed and he grabbed me and

threw me off his shoulders to the ground. I lay on my back, disorientated from the landing, in my

blurred vision I could see the Elite walked toward me, he held his neck and with his opposite hand a

blue

object flashed and held steady. It was a plasma sword, he raised his arm and began to thrust it toward

me. Just then the black armored Spartan grasped his arm, twisted it against him and thrust the sword

into the beasts' abdomen. A loud grunt of pain came from the Elite as he doubled over and slumped to

the

floor. The Spartan offered his hand and helped me get to my feet. His sheer strength pulled me up

quickly and my blood couldn't keep up with the motion. I became light headed once again. I thanked

the Spartan, but still he spoke no words. He walked away towards the other two Spartans. The fight

was over, these Spartans saved our lives that day. They were called Noble team, five Spartans in all,

and they were rapidly becoming heroes, saving stranded marines against all odds, quickly becoming

planet Reach's final defense. When that day started we six marines believed in nothing but the death we

thought was to come. When those five Spartans appeared at the end of the day, we now believed in

hope...

End
file.